



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

888

A7av

tF57

A 860,530

Aristophanes  
The Birds

DEDICATION

OF

THE GREEK THEATRE

(OPEN-AIR AUDITORIUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA)

THE GIFT

OF

THE HON. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

TO THE UNIVERSITY

SEPTEMBER THE TWENTY-FOURTH  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THREE

---

---

*GENERAL LIBRARY of the*  
*UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN*

---

---

—PRESENTED BY—

*Prof. Lewis J. Richardson*

*10/4/03*

882  
A7.4  
(F5)



Orig covers  
Lab. ol.

888  
A 7<sup>av</sup>  
x F57

122042

ΟΡΝΙΘΩΝ ΕΚΛΟΓΑΙ

—  
SCENES

FROM THE

BIRDS OF ARISTOPHANES

THE TRANSLATION  
BY  
ISAAC FLAGG

BERKELEY  
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
1903

**THE MASKS.**

**PISTHETAERUS**

**IRIS**

**POSEIDON**

**EUELPIDES**

**PROMETHEUS**

**HERACLES**

**MESSENGERS**

**TRIBALLUS**

**CHORUS OF BIRDS**



## THE ARGUMENT.

Two Athenians, PISTHETÆRUS (Chickwin) and EUCLIPIDES (Hopegood), tired of the humdrum life in their native city, choose to migrate and cast in their lot with the birds. By the eloquence of Chickwin the birds have been persuaded to build a city in the air, declare themselves independent of both gods and men, and assert their ancient prerogative of the sovereignty of the universe. While the two men are occupied in the inner sanctuary, whither they have withdrawn to be *fledged*, the bird-chorus, in the "Parabasis," present their manifesto to the public.

## PARABASIS.

*(Translated by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.)*

Come on then ye dwellers by nature in darkness, and like to the  
leaves' generations,  
That are little of might, that are moulded of mire, unenduring and  
shadow-like nations,  
Poor plumeless ephemerals, comfortless mortals, as visions of shadows  
fast fleeing,  
Lift up your mind unto us that are deathless, and dateless the date of  
our being:

Us, children of heaven, ageless for aye, us, all of whose thoughts are eternal;

That ye may from henceforth, having heard of us all things aright as to matters supernal,

Of the being of birds, and beginning of gods, and of streams, and the dark beyond reaching,

Truthfully knowing aright, in my name bid Prodicus pack with his preaching.

It was Chaos and Night at the first, and the blackness of darkness, and Hell's broad border,

Earth was not, nor air, neither heaven; when in depths of the womb of the dark without order

First thing first-born of the black-plumed night was a wind-egg hatched in her bosom,

Whence timely with seasons revolving again sweet Love burst out as a blossom,

Gold wings gleaming forth of his back, like whirlwinds gustily turning.

He, after his wedlock with Chaos, whose wings are of darkness, in Hell broad-burning,

For his nestlings begat him the race of us first, and upraised us to light new-lighted,

And before this was not the race of the gods, until all things by Love were united:

And of kind united with kind in communion of nature the sky and the sea are

Brought forth, and the earth and the race of the gods everlasting and blest. So that we are

Far away the most ancient of all things blest. And that we are of Love's generation

There are manifest manifold signs. We have wings, and with us have the Loves habitation;

And manifold fair young folk that foreswore love once, ere the bloom of them ended,

Have the men that pursued and desired them subdued, by the help of  
 us only befriended,  
 With such baits as a quail, a flamingo, a goose, or a cock's comb  
 staring and splendid.  
 All best good things that befall men come from us birds, as is plain  
 to all reason;  
 For first we proclaim and make known to them spring, and the winter  
 and autumn in season:  
 Bid sow, when the crane starts clanging for Afric, in shrill-voiced  
 emigrant number,  
 And calls to the pilot to hang up his rudder again for the season, and  
 slumber;  
 And then weave cloak for Orestes the thief, lest he strip men of theirs  
 if it freezes.  
 And again thereafter the kite reappearing announces a change in the  
 breezes,  
 And that here is the season for shearing your sheep of their spring  
 wool. Then does the swallow  
 Give you notice to sell your greatcoat, and provide something light  
 for the heat that's to follow.  
 Thus are we as Ammon or Delphi unto you, Dodona, nay, Phœbus  
 Apollo.  
 For, as first ye come all to get auguries of birds, even such is in all  
 things your carriage,  
 Be the matter a matter of trade or of earning your bread, or of any  
 one's marriage.  
 And all things we lay to the charge of a bird that belongs to discerning  
 prediction:  
 Winged fame is a bird, as you reckon; you sneeze, and the sign 's as  
 a bird for conviction:  
 All tokens are 'birds' with you—sounds too, and lackeys, and  
 donkeys. Then must it not follow  
 That we ARE to you all as the manifest godhead that speaks in  
 prophetic Apollo?

In the following scenes and songs, from the latter part of the comedy of the Birds, Aristophanes, while holding constantly to the fanciful dramatic illusion of a winged community and a city in the air, has introduced, after his usual manner, a great many witty allusions of a local and personal character, besides reminiscences and travesties of the famous literature of his time. Such passages cannot, of course, impress the modern reader as forcibly as they must have impressed the contemporaries of the poet in the Dionysiac theatre at Athens; still less can their effect be adequately conveyed by means of a translation into a modern tongue.

IRIS, personification of the rainbow, messenger of the gods of Heaven, is a familiar figure to readers of the Iliad of Homer. We can well understand the surprise and indignation manifested by the goddess, when in Scene IV. she is intercepted on her flight down to Earth, informed that she is guilty of trespass, and called upon to show her passport.

PROMETHEUS, a god of the fallen dynasty of the Titans, sentenced by Zeus, for stealing fire and bestowing it as a gift upon mortals, to be chained to a cliff of Mt. Caucasus and preyed upon eternally by a ravenous vulture, is known to readers of Aeschylus as a type of lofty courage, sublime endurance, and a proudly defiant spirit. As he appears in Scene V. Prometheus has clearly deteriorated in respect to some of the nobler qualities of the soul, while his hatred for the gods of the Zeus administration, and his love for men — and birds, remain undiminished.

POSEIDON, god of the sea, and HERACLES, the mighty hero and demi-god, introduced in Scene VI. as ambassadors of Zeus to the birds, are typical, in the comic representation, the former of the elegant Athenian aristocracy, the latter of a class that would include the professional athlete and the sporting man.—*Triballus*, the third member of the divine commission, supposed to represent a hitherto unknown race of foreign gods, is a pure invention of Aristophanes; the name being taken from the Triballoi, a semi-barbarous people inhabiting lands near the Danube, the district of the modern Servia and Bulgaria.

Birds of the air enjoy superior opportunities of sight-seeing. During the brief intervals following Scenes IV. and V. the bird-chorus descant upon wonders seen by them in unheard-of lands. But the lands and the wonders are familiar places and persons, comically transformed.—*Cleonymus*, a sycophant, a poltroon and coward withal, who had thrown away his shield in battle, is celebrated as an exotic of marvellous characteristics.—*Orestes*, a famous footpad, nicknamed after the heroic son of Agamemnon, haunts a locality where street lamps are as far apart as trees in the Desert of Sahara. Be it remembered that what the ancient highwayman demanded of his victims was their *clothing* rather than their money.—*Socrates*, the seedy, the soul-compelling sage, is found in charge of *lost* souls, of which, apparently, his cadaverous friend and disciple *Chaerephon* is one. To their comic Lake Avernus comes *Peisander*, demagogue and shifty politician, aiming to recover, after the Homeric method, his *own* soul, while yet in life; as in the Odyssey of Homer Odysseus is enabled to communicate with the inmates of the Underworld by means of a blood-offering which attracts them from their shadowy abodes.—The Sycophants, or common informers, who subsisted largely by intimidating well-to-do and quiet-loving citizens with trumped-up charges and suits at law, were an especial object of the comic poets' scorn and satire. The names *Gorgias* and *Philippus* occur as representative of this class, and against them, as often at the expense of other butts of comedy, the insinuation of foreign extraction, or spurious claim to citizenship, is thrown out.

Very frequent likewise in the comedies of Aristophanes are brief witty allusions to notorious individuals in the course of the dialogue: such as the mention of the boasters Theogenes, Aeschines, and Proxenides; Cleisthenes, the effeminate; Laespodias, who, to conceal some natural defect of person, wore his mantle in a peculiar manner; and Exceestides, a foreigner who had stolen an aristocratic name and by some fraud attained to Athenian citizenship. The poet would instruct his actors to ascertain where the victims of these sudden sallies were seated among the spectators in the theatre, that the opportunity might not be missed of pointing significantly at each person at the proper moment in the performance of the play.

The Old Comedy of Athens made extensive use of parody as an instrument of wit and satire: sometimes quoting and humorously perverting familiar passages of the national epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry; at other times imitating, with more or less of exaggeration, the manner of serious verse, especially the style and tone of tragedy. Illustrations of tragic parody are afforded by the warnings of Iris and the response thereto, near the end of Scene IV., also by the words of the messenger at the beginning of Scene VII.

The Grand Finale of the Birds may serve to remind us that Aristophanes, while by pre-eminence a comic poet, was likewise an acknowledged master of the lyrical art, pure and simple. Many of his songs, quite free from any admixture of the grotesque or humorous element, are charming creations of bright fancy and airy grace, couched in language of surpassing melody and sweetness. In this regard he has been justly compared to our own Shakspeare,

"Fancy's child,  
"Warbling his native woodnotes wild."

A.

Πι. ταυτὶ τοιαντί· μὰ Δί' ἐγὼ μὲν πρᾶγμά πω  
γελοιότερον οὐκ εἶδον οὐδεπώποτε.

Ευ. ἐπὶ τῷ γελῶς;

Πι. ἐπὶ τοῖσι σοῖς ὠκυπτέροις.  
οἷσθ' ὃ μάλιστ' ἔοικας ἐπτερωμένος;  
εἰς εὐτέλειαν χηνὶ συγγεγραμμένῳ.

Ευ. σὺ δὲ κοψίχῳ γε σκάφιον ἀποτετιλμένῳ.

Πι. ταυτὶ μὲν ἡκάσμεσθα κατὰ τὸν Αἰσχύλον·  
“τάδ' οὐχ ὑπ' ἄλλων ἀλλὰ τοῖς αὐτῶν πτεροῖς.”

Χο. ἄγε δὴ τί χρὴ δρᾶν;

Πι. πρῶτον ὄνομα τῇ πόλει  
θέσθαι τι μέγα καὶ κλεινόν, εἴτα τοῖς θεοῖς  
θῦσαι μετὰ τοῦτο.

Ευ. ταῦτα κάμοι συνδοκεῖ.

Χο. φέρ' ἴδω, τί δ' ἡμῖν τοῦνομ' ἔσται τῇ πόλει;

Ευ. βούλεσθε τὸ μέγα τοῦτο τοῦκ Λακεδαίμονος  
Σπάρτην ὄνομα καλῶμεν αὐτήν;



SCENE I.

*Enter PISTHETAERUS and EUCLPIDES, fledged.*

*Pisth.* So far, so good! I swear I never saw  
A funnier exhibition in my life!

*Eu.* Why, what do you see to laugh at?

*Pisth.* Your pinfeathers.  
Do you know what you look like, fitted out with wings?—  
The counterfeit presentment of a goose.

*Eu.* And you like a blackbird! You must have worn a bowl  
When last the barbers trimm'd your sorry poll.

*Pisth.* [*To the spectators.*] Our model for these gibes is Aeschylus:  
"Lo, mine own feathers wing'd the fatal shaft!"

LEADER OF CHORUS.

*Chor.* Hey, now! What's to be done?

*Pisth.* First give the city  
A great and famous name. Then, offer sacrifice  
To the new gods.

*Eu.* My sentiments exactly!

*Chor.* But come, say, what name shall our city have?

*Eu.* Will you take that mighty one from Lacedaemon,  
And name it Sparta?



Πι. Ἡράκλεις·  
 Σπάρτην γὰρ ἂν θείμην ἐγὼ τήμῃ πόλει;  
 οὐδ' ἂν χαμέυνη πάνυ γε κειρίαν γ' ἔχων.  
 Ευ. τί δῆτ' ὄνομ' αὐτῇ θησόμεσθ';  
 Χο. ἐντευθενὶ  
 ἐκ τῶν νεφελῶν καὶ τῶν μετεώρων χωρίων  
 χαῦνόν τι πάνυ.  
 Πι. βούλει Νεφελοκοκκυγίαν;  
 Χο. ἰοὺ ἰοῦ·  
 καλὸν γ' ἀτεχνῶς σὺ καὶ μέγ' ἡῦρες τοῦνομα.  
 Ευ. ἄρ' ἐστὶν αὐτῇγὶ Νεφελοκοκκυγία,  
 ἵνα καὶ τὰ Θεογένους τὰ πολλὰ χρήματα  
 τὰ τ' Αἰσχίνου γ' ἅπαντα;  
 Πι. καὶ λῶστον μὲν οὖν  
 τὸ Φλέγρας πεδίου, ἵν' οἱ θεοὶ τοὺς γηγενεῖς  
 ἀλαζονευνόμενοι καθυπερηκόντισαν.  
 Χο. λιπαρὸν τὸ χρήμα τῆς πόλεως. τίς δαὶ θεὸς  
 πολιοῦχος ἔσται; τῷ ξανοῦμεν τὸν πέπλον;  
 Ευ. τί δ' οὐκ Ἀθηναίαν ἐῷμεν Πολιάδα;  
 Πι. καὶ πῶς ἂν ἔτι γένοιτ' ἂν εὐτακτος πόλις,  
 ὅπου θεὸς γυνὴ γεγονυῖα πανοπλῖαν  
 ἔστηκ' ἔχουσα, Κλεισθένης δὲ κερκίδα;  
 Ευ. τίς δαὶ καθέξει τῆς πόλεως τὸ Πελαργικόν;  
 Χο. ὄρνις ἀφ' ἡμῶν τοῦ γένους τοῦ Περσικοῦ,  
 ὅσπερ λέγεται δεινότατος εἶναι πανταχοῦ  
 Ἄρεως νεοττός.

*Pisth.* Heracles, not I!  
Think you I'd put up with sparring in *my* city?  
I'd sooner take a ship's spar to a bedstead!

*Eu.* What shall we call it, then?

*Chor.* Something from right here,  
From the clouds and the upper regions of the air.  
Something right puffy.

*Pisth.* How about *Cloudecuckootown*?

*Chor.* Hurrah, hurrah!  
You have found a great big downright splendid name!

*Eu.* Is it the Cloudecuckootown where those braggarts,  
Theogenes and Aeschines, maintain  
Their vast estates?

*Pisth.* Or, better still, the place  
Known as the plain of Phlegra, where the gods beat  
The earth-born giants in a boasting-match!

*Chor.* A slick thing of a city! What god, pray,  
Shall guard it, and take our offering of the robe?

*Eu.* Well, why not let Athena still be guardian?

*Pisth.* Indeed, is such a thing conceivable?—  
An orderly community, where a woman  
Stands in full armor as the guardian god,  
And leaves the shuttle to Sissy Cleisthenes!

*Eu.* Who is to take the wall in charge?

*Chor.* A bird of Persian breed we have among us,  
A fighter, deem'd the doughtiest in the world  
Of Ares' chickens.

Ευ.                    ὦ νεοττὲ δέσποτα·  
ὥς δ' ὁ θεὸς ἐπιτήδειος οἰκεῖν ἐπὶ πετρῶν.  
Πι. ἄγε νυν σὺ μὲν βάδιζε πρὸς τὸν ἀέρα  
καὶ τοῖσι τειχίζουσι παραδιακόνει,  
χάλικας παραφόρει, πηλὸν ἀποδὺς ὄργασον,  
λεκάνην ἀνένεγκε, κατάρπες ἀπὸ τῆς κλίμακος,  
φύλακας κατάρπης, τὸ πῦρ ἔγκρυπτ' αἶψα,  
κωδωνοφορῶν περίτρεχε καὶ κάθειδ' ἐκεῖ·  
κῆρυκα δὲ πέμψον τὸν μὲν ἐς θεοὺς ἄνω,  
ἕτερον δ' ἄνωθεν αὐτὸν παρ' ἀνθρώπους κάτω,  
κακείθεν αὐθις παρ' ἐμέ.  
Ευ.                    σὺ δέ γ' αὐτοῦ μένων  
οἰμῶζε παρ' ἐμ'.  
Πι.                    ἴθ' ὠγάθ' οἱ πέμπω σ' ἐγώ.  
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἄνευ σοῦ τῶνδ' ἂν λέγω πεπραγμένον.  
ἐγὼ δὲ θύσω τοῖσι καινοῖσιν θεοῖς.

*Eu.* My Lord Chick, all-hail!

A deity well pick'd to roost on rocks.

*Fisth.* [To EUCLPIDES.] Here you, be off! March into the air, and  
stand

Ready to help the builders of the wall.

Keep them in rubble; strip, and wet the mortar;

Up with the hod; down tumble from the ladder;

Set the night watches; be sure and bank the fires;

Run round bell-ringing; lie down and go to sleep there!

Send off two heralds: one to the gods above,

Another down to mortal men on earth;

Then back and report to me.

*Eu.* And you stay here

And be hang'd!—to me.

*Fisth.* Go straight, sir, where I send you.

Nothing whereof I speak will be done without you.—

For my part, I'll go forth, and at the altars

Of these new gods will offer sacrifice.

B.

Πι. τὰ μὲν ἱέρ' ἡμῖν ἐστὶν ὠρνιθες καλὰ·  
ἀλλ' ὥς ἀπὸ τοῦ τείχους πάρεστιν ἄγγελος  
οὐδεὶς, ὅτου πευσόμεθα τὰκεῖ πράγματα.  
ἀλλ' οὔτοσὶ τρέχει τις Ἀλφειὸν πνέων.

Ἄγ. ποῦ ποῦ 'στι, ποῦ ποῦ ποῦ 'στι, ποῦ ποῦ ποῦ 'στι,  
ποῦ,  
ποῦ Πισθέταιρός ἐστιν ἄρχων;

Πι. οὔτοσί.

Ἄγ. ἐξφοκοδόμηταί σοι τὸ τείχος.

Πι. εὖ λέγεις.

Ἄγ. κάλλιστον ἔργον καὶ μεγαλοπρεπέστατον·  
ὥστ' ἂν ἐπάνω μὲν Προξενίδης ὁ Κομπασεὺς  
καὶ Θεογένης ἐναντίῳ δὺ ἄρματε,  
ἵππων ὑπόντων μέγεθος ὅσον ὁ δούριος,  
ὑπὸ τοῦ πλάτους ἂν παρελασαίτην.

Πι. Ἡράκλεις.

Ἄγ. τὸ δὲ μῆκός ἐστι, καὶ γὰρ ἐμέτρησ' αὐτ' ἐγώ,  
ἐκατοντορόγχιον.

SCENE II.

*Enter PISTHETAERUS.*

*Pisth.* Our sacrifices prosper, fellow birds;  
But as for tidings from the wall, how comes it  
No messenger is yet on hand to post us?  
Ah, here's a runner, puffing Olympic records!

*Enter a Messenger, panting.*

*Mess.* Where—where—where is he?—where—where is he? where—  
Where's Chickwin, the bird manager?—where?

*Pisth.* Right here.

*Mess.* Your wall's all built and finish'd.

*Pisth.* Bravo! Well done!

*Mess.* A most magnificent affair! On top  
It's wide enough for Proxenus of Bragtown,  
And Theogenes, to drive past one another  
In chariots drawn by horses of the size  
Of the wooden horse of Troy.

*Pisth.* Lord Heracles!

*Mess.* And the height (I measured it myself) counts up  
Six-hundred feet!

Πι. ὦ Πόσειδον τοῦ μάκρους.  
 τίνες ἤκοδόμησαν αὐτὸ τηλικουτοῖ;  
 Ἄγ. ὄρνιθες, οὐδεὶς ἄλλος, οὐκ Αἰγύπτιος  
 πλινθοφόρος, οὐ λιθουργός, οὐ τέκτων παρῆν,  
 ἀλλ' αὐτόχειρες, ὥστε θαυμάζειν ἐμέ.  
 ἐκ μὲν γε Λιβύης ἦκον ὡς τρισμῦραι  
 γέρανοι θεμελίους καταπεπωκυῖαι λίθους.  
 τούτους δ' ἐτύκιζον αἱ κρέκες τοῖς ῥύγχεσιν.  
 ἕτεροι δ' ἐπλινθοφόρουν πελαργοὶ μύριοι·  
 ὕδωρ δ' ἐφόρουν κάτωθεν ἐς τὸν ἀέρα  
 οἱ χαραδριοὶ καὶ τᾶλλα ποτάμι' ὄρνεα.  
 Πι. ἐπηλοφόρουν δ' αὐτοῖσι τίνες;  
 Ἄγ. ἐρωδιοὶ  
 λεκάναισι.  
 Πι. τὸν δὲ πηλὸν ἐνεβάλλοντο πῶς;  
 Ἄγ. τοῦτ' ὦγάθ' ἐξηύρητο καὶ σοφώτατα·  
 οἱ χῆνες ὑποτύπτοντες ὥσπερ ταῖς ἄμαις  
 ἐς τὰς λεκάνας ἐνέβαλλον αὐτοῖς τοῖν ποδοῖν.  
 Πι. τί δῆτα πόδες ἂν οὐκ ἂν ἐργασαίαιτο;  
 Ἄγ. καὶ νῆ Δί' αἱ νῆτταί γε περιεζωσμένοι  
 ἐπλινθοφόρουν· ἄνω δὲ τὸν ὑπαγωγέα  
 ἐπέτοντ' ἔχουσαι κατόπιν ὥσπερ παιδία  
 τὸν πηλὸν ἐν τοῖς στόμασιν αἱ χελιδόνες.  
 Πι. τί δῆτα μισθωτοὺς ἂν ἔτι μισθοῖτό τις;  
 φέρ' ἴδω, τί δαί; τὰ ξύλινα τοῦ τείχους τίνες  
 ἀπειργάσαντ';

*Pisth.* Poseidon, what a height!  
Who built the wall so big?

*Mess.* Birds, and birds only!  
No bricklayer from Egypt, no stonecutter, no joiner!  
Birds, with their own hands, an amazing thing!  
From Libya there came cranes, some thirty-thousand,  
Each with a paving-stone inside her belly,  
That she had swallow'd for ballast. These stones the rails  
Hew'd with their bills to the right shape for building.  
Another stork contingent of ten-thousand  
Made brick, with bitterns and other aquatic birds  
To carry the water up into the air.

*Pisth.* Who brought the clay up for them?

*Mess.* Pelicans,  
In their pouches.

*Pisth.* How was it shovel'd in?

*Mess.* That, sir,  
Was most ingeniously devis'd: the geese  
Got down, and, digging under in spade fashion,  
They fill'd the pouches by shoveling with their feet.

*Pisth.* Well, after that, what feat can seem surprising?

*Mess.* The ducks, moreover, tied aprons round their necks  
And carried the brick. Tomtits came flying behind  
With the trowels; while the mortar for it all  
Was fetch'd by swallows, a mouthful at a time.

*Pisth.* Dear me, what use are hired men any longer? —  
Let's see, what next? Who finish'd the timber work  
For the fortress?



Ἄγ. ὄρνιθες ἦσαν τέκτονες  
σοφώτατοι πελεκᾶντες, οἱ τοῖς ῥύγχεσιν  
ἀπεπελέκησαν τὰς πύλας· ἦν δ' ὁ κτύπος  
αὐτῶν πελεκῶντων ὥσπερ ἐν ναυπηγίῳ.  
καὶ νῦν ἅπαντ' ἐκεῖνα πεπύλωται πύλαις  
καὶ βεβαλάνωται καὶ φυλάττεται κύκλῳ,  
ἐφοδεύεται, κωδωνοφορεῖται, πανταχῇ  
φυλακαὶ καθεστήκασι καὶ φρυκτωρίαί  
ἐν τοῖσι πύργοις. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ μὲν ἀποτρέχων  
ἀπονίψομαι· σὺ δ' αὐτὸς ἤδη τᾶλλα δρᾷ.

Χο. οὗτος τί ποιεῖς; ἄρα θαυμάζεις ὅτι  
οὕτω τὸ τεῖχος ἐκτετείχισται ταχύ;

Πι. νῆ τοὺς θεοὺς ἔγωγε· καὶ γὰρ ἄξιον·  
ἴσα γὰρ ἀληθῶς φαίνεται μοι ψεύδεσιν.  
ἀλλ' ὅδε φύλαξ γὰρ τῶν ἐκείθεν ἄγγελος  
ἐσθεὶ πρὸς ἡμᾶς δεῦρο πυρρίχην βλέπων.

*Mess.* Bird carpenters, a clever lot  
Of woodpeckers, using their beaks to hew  
The gates and shape them. You might hear a din  
As in a shipyard, while they peck'd away.  
And now the gate-making up there is all finish'd.  
All's barr'd and bolted and guarded round about;  
Patrols and bell-ringers all on hand; night watches  
Station'd, and fire-signals kindled in the towers.—  
But I'll run out and get a wash. What still  
Remains to be done, attend to that yourself.

LEADER OF CHORUS.

*Chor.* [*To PISTHETAEUS.*] Ho, what's the matter there? Are you  
lost in wonder,

That the fortification was foisted up so quickly?

*Pisth.* Ay, that I am! It's worthy of wonder. It seems  
In very truth just like a mass of fiction.—  
But here comes one of the guards with tidings for us,  
Running in with blood and thunder in his eye!

Γ.

Ἄγ. ἰοὺ ἰοῦ, ἰοὺ ἰοῦ, ἰοὺ ἰοῦ.

Πι. τί τὸ πρᾶγμα τουτί;

Ἄγ. δεινότατα πεπόνθαμεν.

τῶν γὰρ θεῶν τις ἄρτι τῶν παρὰ τοῦ Διὸς  
διὰ τῶν πυλῶν εἰσέπτet' ἐς τὸν ἀέρα,  
λαθὼν κολοιοὺς φύλακας ἡμεροσκόπους.

Πι. ὦ δεινὸν ἔργον καὶ σχέτλιον εἰργασμένος.  
τίς τῶν θεῶν;

Ἄγ. οὐκ ἴσμεν· ὅτι δ' εἶχε πτερὰ,  
τοῦτ' ἴσμεν.

Πι. οὐκ οὖν δῆτα περιπόλους ἐχρῆν  
πέμψαι κατ' αὐτὸν εὐθύς;

Ἄγ. ἀλλ' ἐπέμψαμεν  
τρισμυρίους ἰέρακας ἵπποτοξότας,  
χωρεῖ δὲ πᾶς τις ὄνυχας ἡγκυλωμένος,  
κερχυγῆς τριόρχης γυνὴ κύμινδις αἰετός·  
ῥύμη τε καὶ πτεροῖσι καὶ ῥοιζήμασιν  
αἰθήρ δονεῖται τοῦ θεοῦ ζητουμένου·  
κᾶστ' οὐ μακρὰν ἄπωθεν, ἀλλ' ἐνταῦθά που  
ἦδη 'στίν.

Πι. οὐκ οὖν σφενδόνας δεῖ λαμβάνειν  
καὶ τόξα; χώρει δεῦρο πᾶς ὑπηρέτης·  
τόξευε παῖε, σφενδόνην τίς μοι δότω.

SCENE III.

*Enter a Messenger, running.*

*Mess.* Murder! Oho! stop thief! Oho, oho!

*Pisth.* What's all this pother?

*Mess.* A shame, a perfect outrage!

Some one of the late gods, one of the Zeus persuasion,  
Has flown in thro' the gates, into our air,  
Dodging the jackdaw pickets and the scouts.

*Pisth.* O damnable offence! The infamous sinner!  
Which one of the gods?

*Mess.* We don't know. That it had wings,  
We know that only.

*Pisth.* You should have sent, straightway,  
Rangers, to run him down.

*Mess.* We did send off  
Mounted jayhawkers, thirty-thousand strong.  
Just everything with crook'd claws is abroad,  
Kite, vulture, eagle, every mother's son.  
The swirling, swishing of their pinions makes  
The welkin shiver, a-searching out that god.  
And it's not far off; it must be, even now,  
Somewhere close by!

*Pisth.* Ho, slings here! Take your bows  
And arrows! Every private report for duty!  
Shoot, shoot! Let fly! Hey, pass me up a sling!

Δ.

Πι. αὕτη σύ, ποῖ ποῖ ποῖ πέτει; μέν' ἤσυχος,  
ἔχ' ἀτρέμας· αὐτοῦ στῆθ'· ἐπίσχεσ τοῦ δρόμου.  
τίς εἶ; ποδαπή; λέγειν ἐχρῆν ὀπόθεν πότ' εἶ.

Ιρ. παρὰ τῶν θεῶν ἔγωγε τῶν Ὀλυμπίων.

Πι. ὄνομα δέ σοι τί ἐστι; πλοῖον ἢ κυνῇ;

Ιρ. Ἴρις ταχεία.

Πι. Πάραλος ἢ Σαλαμινία;

Ιρ. τί δὲ τοῦτο;

Πι. ταυτηνὶ τις οὐ συλλήψεται

ἀναπτόμενος τρίορχος;

Ιρ. ἐμὲ συλλήψεται;

τί ποτ' ἐστὶ τουτὶ τὸ κακόν;

Πι. οἰμώξει μακρά.

Ιρ. ἄτοπόν γε τουτὶ πρᾶγμα.

Πι. κατὰ ποίας πύλας

εἰσῆλθες ἐς τὸ τεῖχος ὧ μαρωτάτη;

Ιρ. οὐκ οἶδα μὰ Δί' ἔγωγε κατὰ ποίας πύλας.

Πι. ἤκουσας αὐτῆς οἶον εἰρωνεύεται;

πρὸς τοὺς κολοιάρχας προσῆλθες; οὐ λέγεις;

σφραγίδ' ἔχεις παρὰ τῶν πελαργῶν;

Ιρ. τί τὸ κακόν.

SCENE IV.

*Enter IRIS, flying.*

*Pisth.* Ho, you she! Where, where, where're you flying! Hold still;  
Keep quiet; stand there; let up on that run, I say!

What ship is that? Heave to, and tell where you hail from!

*Iris.* From the gods am I, the great gods of Olympus.

*Pisth.* What name do you sport? Are you sailboat or sun-bonnet?

*Iris.* Iris, the speedy.

*Pisth.* Reliance, or Defender?

*Iris.* What does this mean?

*Pisth.* Won't some cockatoo fly up

And take this woman in tow?

*Iris.* Take me in tow?

What insolence is this?

*Pisth.* O, you will catch it!

*Iris.* How perfectly ridiculous!

*Pisth.* By what gate

Did you come into the city, you dirty creature?

*Iris.* Upon my word I don't know by what gate!

*Pisth.* Do you hear her, now?—pretending she doesn't know!—  
Have you call'd at the kingbird's office!—Can't you speak!—  
Got a pass from the peacocks!

*Iris.* Mercy! what means this outrage?

Πι. οὐκ ἔλαβες ;

Ιρ. ὑγιαίνεις μὲν ;

Πι. οὐδὲ σύμβολον

ἐπέβαλεν ὀρνίθαρχος οὐδεὶς σοι παρών ;

Ιρ. μὰ Δί' οὐκ ἔμοιγ' ἐπέβαλεν οὐδεὶς ὦ μέλε.

Πι. κάππειτα δῆθ' οὕτω σιωπῇ διαπέτει

διὰ τῆς πόλεως τῆς ἀλλοτρίας καὶ τοῦ χάους ;

Ιρ. ποία γὰρ ἄλλη χρὴ πέτεσθαι τοὺς θεοὺς ;

Πι. οὐκ οἶδα μὰ Δί' ἔγωγε· τῇδε μὲν γὰρ οὕ.

ἀδικεῖς δὲ καὶ νῦν. ἄρά γ' οἶσθα τοῦθ' ὅτι

δικαιοῦσθαι ἂν ληφθεῖσα πασῶν Ἰρίδων

ἀπέθανες, εἰ τῆς ἀξίας ἐτύγχανες ;

Ιρ. ἀλλ' ἀθάνατός εἰμ'.

Πι. ἀλλ' ὅμως ἂν ἀπέθανες.

δεινότατα γάρ τοι πεισόμεσθ', ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ,

εἰ τῶν μὲν ἄλλων ἄρχομεν, ὑμεῖς δ' οἱ θεοὶ

ἀκολαστανεῖτε, κούδέπω γινώσσεσθ' ὅτι

ἀκροατέον ὑμῖν ἐν μέρει τῶν κρειττόνων.

φράσον δέ τοί μοι τῷ πτέρυγι ποῖ ναυστολεῖς ;

Ιρ. ἐγώ ; πρὸς ἀνθρώπους πέτομαι παρὰ τοῦ πατρὸς

φράσουσα θύειν τοῖς Ὀλυμπίοις θεοῖς

μηλοσφαγεῖν τε βουθύτοις ἐπ' ἐσχάραις

κνισᾶν τ' ἀγνιάς.

Πι. τί σὺ λέγεις ; ποίοις θεοῖς ;

Ιρ. ποίοισιν ; ἡμῖν τοῖς ἐν οὐρανῷ θεοῖς.

Πι. θεοὶ γὰρ ὑμεῖς ;

*Pisth.* Haven't you got one?

*Iris.* Are you in your senses?

*Pisth.* Haven't you been

With a buzzard boss and had yourself stamp'd properly?

*Iris.* Sir, nobody has stamp'd *me*, I'd have you know!

*Pisth.* So then, do you thus go flying, without a word,  
Thro' foreign territory and this air-space of ours?

*Iris.* Why, what other way, pray, are the gods to fly?

*Pisth.* Upon my word I don't know — only not this way.  
You're a trespasser already. Do you know what you,  
Of all the Irises, deserve most richly?  
By rights, you'd be arrested and die the death.

*Iris.* But I am immortal!

*Pisth.* You'd mortify all the same!—

This is just outrageous treatment, it seems to me,  
If we're to rule all other people, but you gods  
Are going to run riot, and never will remember  
That your turn has come to hearken to your betters.—  
But let's know, whither you're steering those two wings?

*Iris.* Whither? I fly to mortals, from my father,  
To bid them sacrifice to the Olympian gods,  
Staining sheep-altars with the blood of kine,  
Making the highways fragrant.

*Pisth.* Ah, to what gods?

*Iris.* What gods? Indeed, ourselves, the gods of Heaven!

*Pisth.* So, are *you* gods?



Ιρ. τίς γάρ ἐστ' ἄλλος θεός ;

Πι. ὄρνιθες ἀνθρώποισι νῦν εἰσιν θεοί,  
οἷς θυτέον αὐτούς, ἀλλὰ μὰ Δί' οὐ τῷ Δίι.

Ιρ. ὦ μῶρε μῶρε μὴ θεῶν κίνει φρένας  
δεινὰς, ὅπως μὴ σου γένος πανώλεθρον  
Διὸς μακέλλη πᾶν ἀναστρέψῃ Δίκη,  
λυγνὺς δὲ σῶμα καὶ δόμων περιπτυχὰς  
καταιθαλώσῃ σου Λικυμνίαις βολαῖς.

Πι. ἄκουσον αὐτῇ· παῦε τῶν παφλασμάτων  
ἔχ' ἀτρέμα. φέρ' ἴδω, πότῃ Λυδὸν ἢ Φρύγα  
ταυτὶ λέγουσα μορμολύττεσθαι δοκεῖς ;  
ἄρ' οἶσθ' ὅτι Ζεὺς εἴ με λυπήσει πέρα,  
μελαθρα μὲν αὐτοῦ καὶ δόμους Ἀμφίονος  
καταιθαλώσω πυρφόροισιν αἰετοῖς ;  
πέμψω δὲ πορφυρίωνας ἐς τὸν οὐρανὸν  
ὄρνις ἐπ' αὐτὸν παρδαλᾶς ἐνημμένους  
πλεῖν ἑξακοσίους τὸν ἀριθμόν. καὶ δὴ ποτε  
εἰς Πορφυρίων αὐτῷ παρέσχε πράγματα.  
σὺ δ' εἴ με λυπήσεις, διαλήψομαι  
τὴν Ἴριν αὐτήν, ὥστε θαυμάζειν ἐμέ.

Ιρ. διαρραγείης ὦ μέλ' αὐτοῖς ῥήμασιν.

Πι. οὐκ ἀποσοβήσεις ; οὐ ταχέως ; εὐρὰξ πατάξ.

Ιρ. ἢ μὴν σε παύσει τῆς ὕβρεως οὐμὸς πατήρ.

Πι. οἶμοι τάλας. οὐκουν ἐτέρωσε πετομένη  
καταιθαλώσεις τῶν νεωτέρων τινά ;

*Iris.*

Why, what god is there else?

*Pisth.* Birds, at the present time, are gods for men;

To birds they must sacrifice, not — by Zeus! — to Zeus!

*Iris.* O fool, fool, move not thou celestial minds

To wrath, lest with the mattock of great Zeus

Retributive Justice fell thee, root and branch;

Black fires incinerate thy house and body,

And their integuments, with Licymnian bolts!

*Pisth.* Jade, harkee! Cease thy tragic splutterings; hold

Thy peace! Is it a Lydian or a Phrygian slave

Thou tak'st me for, to be bluff'd off with bugbears?

Knowest thou, if Zeus annoy me further, I

His mansions and the homestead of Amphion

With fire-compelling eagles will cremate?

I'll send after *him* a flock of butcher-birds

Into the sky, drest up in panther-skins,

Six-hundred in number. There was a time when *one*

Little butcher of a giant kept him busy.—

And for you, to begin with, if you make any trouble, I'll have

The hired girl Iris iron'd out so flat,

She'll wonder where old Ironsides heats his flatiron.

*Iris.* You horrid old thing, I hope your words may choke you!

*Pisth.* Hop off, hop off, now! — quick! Shoo, shoo! Seat, scatter!

*Iris.* My father, I tell you, will stop your insolence!

*Pisth.* O, go along; won't you fly elsewhere, and preach  
Incineration to some of the younger folk?

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

(στροφή)

πολλὰ δὴ καὶ καινὰ καὶ θαν-  
μάστ' ἐπεπτόμεσθα καὶ  
δεινὰ πράγματ' εἶδομεν. —  
ἔστι γὰρ δένδρον πεφυκὸς

ἔκτοπόν τι Καρδίας ἀ-  
πωτέρω, Κλεώνυμος·  
χρήσιμον μὲν οὐδέν, ἄλ-  
λως δὲ δειλὸν καὶ μέγα.

τοῦτο τοῦ μὲν ἦρος αἰὶ  
βλαστάνει καὶ συκοφαντεῖ,  
τοῦ δὲ χειμῶνος πάλιν τὰς  
ἀσπίδας φυλλορροεῖ.

(ἀντιστροφή)

ἔστι δ' αὖ χώρα πρὸς αὐτῷ  
τῷ σκότῳ πόρρω τις ἐν  
τῇ λύχων ἐρημία,  
ἐνθα τοῖς ἥρωσιν ἄνθρω-

ποι ξυναριστῶσι καὶ ξύν-  
εισι πλὴν τῆς ἐσπέρας.  
τηνικαῦτα δ' οὐκέτ' ἦν  
ἀσφαλὲς ξυντυγχάνειν.

εἰ γὰρ ἐντύχοι τις ἥρως  
τῶν βροτῶν νύκτωρ Ὀρέστη,  
γυμνὸς ἦν πληγεῖς ὑπ' αὐτοῦ  
πάντα τὰ πῦρές.

CHORUS.

(*strophe*)

We, in our far flighty travels,  
Strange and awful curios  
Have alighted on and noted.—  
There's a foreign tree, which grows  
Well beyond Cape *Cœur de Lion*:  
It is call'd Cleonymus;  
Good for nothing, yet extremely  
Tall and pusillanimous.  
In the spring it buds and blabs and  
Exhales libel thro' the fields;  
Then, when the inclement season  
Comes again, it sheds its shields.

(*antistrophe*)

There's a far country, that borders  
Close on Darkest Dagoland,  
In the wilderness of lamp-posts,  
Dreary gleams and bags of sand.  
There, with demi-gods and heroes  
Mortals breakfast, chat, and pour  
Wine—save only in the evening;  
Then the fun is safe no more.  
For suppose you met Orestes,  
That great hero, after dark:  
His tall form would wear your garments,  
Your five ribs would bear his mark.

E.

Πρ. οἶμοι τάλας, ὁ Ζεὺς ὅπως μή μ' ὀψεται.  
ποῦ Πισθέταιρός ἐστ' ;

Πι. ἔα τουτὶ τί ἦν;  
τίς ὁ συγκαλυμμός;

Πρ. τῶν θεῶν ὁρᾷς τινα  
ἐμοῦ κατόπιν ἐνταῦθα ;

Πι. μὰ Δί' ἐγὼ μὲν οὔ.  
τίς δ' εἰ σύ;

Πρ. πηνίκ' ἐστὶν ἄρα τῆς ἡμέρας ;

Πι. ὀπηνίκα ; σμικρόν τι μετὰ μεσημβρίαν.  
ἀλλὰ σὺ τίς εἶ;

Πρ. βουλυτὸς ἢ περαιτέρω ;

Πι. οἶμ' ὥς βδελύττομαί σε.

Πρ. τί γὰρ ὁ Ζεὺς ποιεῖ;  
ἀπαιθριάζει τὰς νεφέλας ἢ ξυννέφει ;

Πι. οἶμωζε μεγάλ'.

Πρ. οὕτω μὲν ἐκκεκαλύφτομαι.

Πι. ὦ φίλε Προμηθεῦ.

Πρ. παῦε παῦε, μὴ βόα.

SCENE V.

*Enter PISTHETAERUS and PROMETHEUS, the latter hiding his head under an umbrella.*

*Prom.* Great heavens, Zeus must not see me, for my life!  
Where's Chickwin?

*Pisth.* Hi, what have we here? What's this  
Umbrella business?

*Prom.* Do you see any one of the gods  
Up here behind me?

*Pisth.* By the powers, I don't!  
Who are you, anyway?

*Prom.* What's the time o' day?

*Pisth.* What's the time? A trifle past noon. But who the deuce  
Are you?

*Prom.* Lunch time, or a little later?

*Pisth.* My stars,  
You make me sick!

*Prom.* What weather is Zeus making?  
Is the sky clearing off, or clouding up again?

*Pisth.* Go and be hang'd!

*Prom.* In that case I'll uncover.

*Pisth.* My dear Prometheus! *[Showing his face.]*

*Prom.* Stop, stop, don't call out!

Πι. τί γὰρ ἔστι;

Πρ. σίγα, μὴ κάλει μου τοῦνομα·  
ἀπὸ γάρ μ' ὀλεῖς, εἴ μ' ἐνθάδ' ὁ Ζεὺς ὄψεται.  
ἀλλ' ἵνα φράσω σοι πάντα τᾶνω πράγματα,  
τουτὶ λαβὼν μου τὸ σκιάδειον ὑπέρεχε  
ἄνωθεν, ὥς ἂν μὴ μ' ὀρώσιν οἱ θεοί.

Πι. ἰὸν ἰού·  
εὖ γ' ἐπενόησας αὐτὸ καὶ προμηθικῶς.  
ὑπόδουθι ταχὺ δὴ κᾶτα θαρρήσας λέγε.

Πρ. ἄκουε δὴ νυν.

Πι. ὥς ἀκούοντος λέγε.

Πρ. ἀπόλωλεν ὁ Ζεὺς.

Πι. πηνίκε' ἄττ' ἀπώλετο;

Πρ. ἐξ οὐπερ ὑμεῖς ᾤκισατε τὸν αἴρα.  
θύει γὰρ οὐδείς οὐδὲν ἀνθρώπων ἔτι  
θεοῖσιν, οὐδὲ κνῖσα μηνίων ἄπο  
ἀνῆλθεν ὥς ἡμᾶς ἀπ' ἐκείνου τοῦ χρόνου,  
ἀλλ' ὥσπερ εἰ Θεσμοφορίοις νηστεύομεν  
ἄνευ θνητῶν· οἱ δὲ βάρβαροι θεοὶ  
πεινῶντες ὥσπερ Ἰλλυριοὶ κεκριγότες  
ἐπιστρατεύσειν φάσ' ἄνωθεν τῷ Δίῃ,  
εἰ μὴ παρέξει τὰ μπόρι' ἀνεφγμένα,  
ἵν' εἰσάγοιτο σπλάγχνα κατατετμημένα.

Πι. εἰσὶν γὰρ ἕτεροι βάρβαροι θεοὶ τινες  
ἄνωθεν ὑμῶν;

Πρ. οὐ γάρ εἰσι βάρβαροι,

*Pisth.* Why, what's the matter?

*Prom.*

Hold still, don't call my name!

You'll be the death of me, if Zeus sees me here.

I'll tell you the whole state of affairs up there,

If you'll just take this parasol and hold it over us,

That the gods mayn't see me.

*Pisth.*

Dear me, but that is

An admirable Promethean idea!

Get under, quick now; take courage, and say on.

*Prom.* Now listen!

*Pisth.*

Listen it is; out with it, old man!

*Prom.* It is all over with Zeus!

*Pisth.*

All over—about what time?

*Prom.* Ever since you settled the city in the air.

No mortal more to the gods does sacrifice;

No more does savory steam of burning meats

Ascend to us, since that unhappy day.

But, as it were thro' some long Lenten tide,

We fast and famish; while the barbarian gods

Do squeak and gibber in their hunger, and swear

They will cross over from beyond and invade

The lands of Zeus, unless we throw ports open

And start free-trade in sacrificial tid-bits.

*Pisth.* What, are there barbarian gods, another lot,  
Over beyond you?

*Prom.*

Why, of course there must be



ὁθεν ὁ πατρῷός ἐστιν Ἐξηκεστίδῃ;

Πι. ὄνομα δὲ τούτοις τοῖς θεοῖς τοῖς βαρβάροις  
τί ἐστιν;

Πρ. ὅ τι ἐστιν; Τριβαλλοί.

Πι. μανθάνω.

ἐντεῦθεν ἄρα τούπιτριβείης ἐγένετο;

Πρ. μάλιστα πάντων. ἐν δέ σοι λέγω σαφές·  
ἤξουσι πρέσβεις δεῦρο περὶ διαλλαγῶν  
παρὰ τοῦ Διὸς καὶ τῶν Τριβαλλῶν τῶν ἄνω·  
ὕμεῖς δὲ μὴ σπένδεσθ', ἐὰν μὴ παραδιδῶ  
τὸ σκῆπτρον ὁ Ζεὺς τοῖσιν ὄρνισιν πάλιν,  
καὶ τὴν Βασίλειαν σοὶ γυναῖκ' ἔχειν διδῶ.

Πι. τίς ἐστιν ἡ Βασίλεια;

Πρ. καλλίστη κόρη,  
ἥπερ ταμιεύει τὸν κεραυνὸν τοῦ Διὸς  
καὶ τᾶλλ' ἀπαξάπαντα, τὴν εὐβουλίαν  
τὴν εὐνομίαν τὴν σωφροσύνην τὰ νεώρια  
τὴν λοιδορίαν τὸν κωλακρέτην τὰ τριώβολα.

Πι. ἅπαντά γ' ἂρ' αὐτῷ ταμιεύει;

Πρ. φήμ' ἐγώ.  
ἦν γ' ἦν σὺ παρ' ἐκείνου παραλάβῃς, πάντ' ἔχεις.  
τούτων ἕνεκα δεῦρ' ἦλθον, ἵνα φράσαιμί σοι.  
αἰεὶ ποτ' ἀνθρώποις γὰρ εὖνους εἶμ' ἐγώ.

Πι. μόνον θεῶν γὰρ διὰ σ' ἀπανθρακίζομεν.

Πρ. μισῶ δ' ἅπαντας τοὺς θεοὺς, ὥς οἶσθα σύ.

Πι. νῆ τὸν Δί' αἰεὶ δῆτα θεομισῆς ἔφης.

Outlandish deities, to furnish forth

The pedigree of Exceestides.

*Pisth.* And what's the name of these barbarian gods?

*Prom.* What is their name? Triballians.

*Pisth.*

Ah, I see:

The source from whence all tribulations flow.

*Prom.* To be sure. And on one thing you may count for certain:  
Ambassadors will arrive here, touching a treaty,  
From Zeus and from the Triballians over beyond.  
But don't you grant a truce, save on condition  
That Zeus restore the sceptre to the birds  
And give *you* Princess Basily to wife.

*Pisth.* Who is Basily?

*Prom.* A beautiful fair maid,  
Who holds the key to the cupboard where Zeus stores  
His thunderbolt and all his bric-a-brac;  
His wisdom, law and order, virtuous  
Intentions, ship-supplies, vituperation,  
Paymasters' cheques, and cash to bribe the jury.

*Pisth.* She holds the key to everything, then?

*Prom.*

Just so!

Get *her* from him, you've got the whole. I came  
Expressly to advise you of this matter:—  
As ever, a benefactor of mankind.

*Pisth.* For broiling fish our *sole* divinity!

*Prom.* And, as you know, a hater of all the gods!

*Pisth.* God knows no love was ever lost between you!

Πρ. Τίμων καθαρός. ἀλλ' ὥς ἂν ἀποτρέχω πάλιν,  
φέρει τὸ σκιάδειον, ἵνα με κἂν ὁ Ζεὺς ἴδῃ  
ἄνωθεν, ἀκολουθεῖν δοκῶ κανηφόρῳ.

Πι. καὶ τὸν δίδυρον γε διφροφόρει τονδὶ λαβών.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

(στροφή)

πρὸς δὲ τοῖς Σκιάποσιν λί-  
μνη τις ἔστ', ἄλουτος οὐ  
ψυχαγωγεί Σωκράτης·  
ἔνθα καὶ Πείσανδρος ἦλθε

δεόμενος ψυχὴν ἰδεῖν, ἥ  
ζῶντ' ἐκείνον προὔλιπε,  
σφάγι' ἔχων κάμηλον ἀ-  
μνόν τιν', ἧς λαιμοὺς τεμῶν

ὥσπερ οὐδυσσεὺς ἀπήλθε,  
κατ' ἀνήλθ' αὐτῷ κάτωθεν  
πρὸς τὸ λαῖτμα τῆς καμήλου  
Χαιρεφῶν ἡ νυκτερίς.

*Prom.* A Timon pure, that's me!—Now, to run back!  
Hand me the sunshade; then even if Zeus in the sky  
Does spy me, he'll think I'm waiting on a lady.

*Pisth.* Very well; and take this chair for the lady, too.

CHORUS.

(*strophe*)

By a lake, where the infernal  
Shadefoot generations dwell,  
Socrates, the unwash'd fakir,  
Conjures spirits out of Hell.

There the blatherskite Peisander  
Came, with camel lamb, to search  
For the chicken-hearted spirit  
That had left him in the lurch.

While, Odysseus-like, he waited  
By the blood his knife had drawn,  
Up to sip the camel-carnage  
Popp'd the black bat, Chaerephon.

Z.

Πο. τὸ μὲν πόλισμα τῆς Νεφελοκοκκυγίας  
ὄρᾱν τοδὶ πάρεστιν, οἱ πρεσβεύομεν.—  
οὗτος τί δρῶς; ἐπ' ἀριστερ' οὕτως ἀμπέχει;  
οὐ μεταβαλεῖς θοῖμάτιον ὧδ' ἐπιδέξια;  
τί ὦ κακόδαιμον; Λαισποδίας εἰ τὴν φύσιν;  
ὦ δημοκρατία ποῖ προβιβῶς ἡμᾶς ποτε,  
εἰ τουτονὶ γ' ἐχειροτόνησαν οἱ θεοί;  
ἔξεις ἀτρέμας; οἴμωξε· πολὺ γὰρ δὴ σ' ἐγὼ  
έόρακα πάντων βαρβαρώτατον θεῶν.  
ἄγε δὴ τί δρῶμεν Ἡράκλεις;

Ηρ. ἀκήκοας  
ἐμοῦ γ', ὅτι τὸν ἄνθρωπον ἄγχειν βούλομαι,  
ὅστις ποτ' ἔσθ' ὁ τοὺς θεοὺς ἀποτειχίσας.

Πο. ἀλλ' ὧγάθ' ἡρήμεσθα περὶ διαλλαγῶν  
πρέσβεις.

Ηρ. διπλασίως μᾶλλον ἄγχειν μοι δοκεῖ.

Πι. τὴν τυρόκηστίν τις δότω· φέρε σίλφιον·  
τυρὸν φερέτω τις· πυρπόλει τοὺς ἄνθρακας.

Πο. τὸν ἄνδρα χαίρειν οἱ θεοὶ κελεύομεν  
τρεῖς ὄντες ἡμεῖς.

SCENE VI.

*Enter PISTHETAERUS and a Servant, POSEIDON, HERACLES, TRIBALLUS.*

*Pos.* [*To HERACLES.*] Lo, here we have in view the capitol  
Of Cloudeuckootown, whither our mission leads us.—  
[*To TRIBALLUS.*] Here you, what's this? Do you wear your cloak one-  
sided?

Can you not shift it—that way—to the right?  
You wretch, are you a natural-born Laespodias?—  
To what a pass, Democracy, wilt thou bring us,  
If the gods could choose *this* dolt for their ambassador!—  
Will you hold still?—plague take you! Well you do  
Beat all the barbaric gods I ever saw!—  
Now, Heracles, what are we to do?

*Her.* You have heard  
*My* say: this man, whoever he be, whose wall  
Shuts out the gods, I vote to wring his neck.

*Pos.* But, my dear sir, our mission in the matter  
Contemplates peace.

*Her.* Then twist his neck twice over!

*Pisth.* [*To the Servant.*] The cheese-grater, where is it? Bring me  
some curry!

Let me have cheese here! Make the coals burn lively!

*Pos.* Our compliments and credentials we present,  
Three gods to the mortal man.

Πι. ἄλλ' ἐπικνῶ τὸ σίλφιον.

Ηρ. τὰ δὲ κρέα τοῦ ταῦτ' ἐστίν;

Πι. ὄρνιθές τινες  
ἐπανιστάμενοι τοῖς δημοτικοῖσιν ὀρνέοις  
ἔδοξαν ἀδικεῖν.

Ηρ. εἶτα δῆτα σίλφιον  
ἐπικνήσας πρότερον αὐτοῖσιν;

Πι. ὦ χαῖρ' Ἡράκλεις.  
τί ἔστι;

Πο. πρεσβεύοντες ἡμεῖς ἤκομεν  
παρὰ τῶν θεῶν περὶ πολέμου καταλλαγῆς.

Πι. ἔλαιον οὐκ ἔνεστιν ἐν τῇ ληκύθῳ.

Ηρ. καὶ μὴν τά γ' ὀρνίθεια λιπάρ' εἶναι πρέπει.

Πο. ἡμεῖς τε γὰρ πολεμοῦντες οὐ κερδαίνομεν,  
ὕμεῖς τ' ἂν ἡμῖν τοῖς θεοῖς ὄντες φίλοι  
ὄμβριον ὕδωρ ἂν εἴχετ' ἐν τοῖς τέλμασιν,  
ἀλκυονίδας τ' ἂν ἤγεθ' ἡμέρας αἰεῖ.  
τούτων περὶ πάντων αὐτοκράτορες ἤκομεν.

Πι. ἀλλ' οὔτε πρότερον πώποθ' ἡμεῖς ἤρξαμεν  
πολέμου πρὸς ὑμᾶς, νῦν τ' ἐθέλομεν, εἰ δοκεῖ,  
εἴαν τι δίκαιον ἀλλὰ νῦν ἐθέλητε δρᾶν,  
σπονδὰς ποιεῖσθαι. τὰ δὲ δίκαι' ἐστὶν ταδί,  
τὸ σκῆπτρον ἡμῖν τοῖσιν ὄρνευσιν πάλιν  
τὸν Δί' ἀποδοῦναι· καὶ διαλλαττώμεθα  
ἐπὶ τοῖσδε, τοὺς πρέσβεις ἐπ' ἄριστον καλῶ.

*Pisth.* Stir in the curry.

*Her.* Whose flesh, pray, have you there?

*Pisth.* A lark or two,

Found guilty of conspiring to subvert  
The bird majority.

*Her.* Then do you begin  
With them by stirring in curry?

*Pisth.* [*Looking up.*] Ah, Heracles!  
What's the good word?—

*Pos.* We are ambassadors  
Sent by the gods to treat of bringing the war  
To a conclusion.—

*Pisth.* [*To the Servant.*] There's no oil in the cruet!—

*Her.* Upon my word the bird-meat seems right fat!—

*Pos.* For we gain nothing by prolonging it;  
And you, by coming to terms with us the gods,  
Would have rain-water cisterns always full  
And while away no end of haleyon days.  
We are empowered to settle all these points.

*Pisth.* As we, before, were nowise the aggressors  
In the war with you, so now, if it seem best,  
We will make truce, provided you can consent  
Even at the eleventh hour to do what's right:—  
That Zeus restore the sceptre to the birds.  
If on these terms we come to an understanding,  
Then I invite the ambassadors to breakfast.



Ηρ. ἐμοὶ μὲν ἀπόχρη ταῦτα καὶ ψηφίζομαι—

Πο. τί ὧ κακὸδαιμον; ἡλίθιος καὶ γάστρις εἰ.

ἀποστερεῖς τὸν πατέρα τῆς τυραννίδος;

Πι. ἄληθες; οὐ γὰρ μείζον ὑμεῖς οἱ θεοὶ

ἰσχύσεται, ἣν ὄρνιθες ἄρξωσιν κάτω;

νῦν μὲν γ' ὑπὸ ταῖς νεφέλαισιν ἐγκεκρυμμένοι

κύψαντες ἐπιорκοῦσιν ὑμᾶς οἱ βροτοί·

ἐὰν δὲ τοὺς ὄρνις ἔχητε συμμάχους,

ὅταν ὁμνύῃ τις τὸν κόρακα καὶ τὸν Δία,

ὁ κόραξ παρελθὼν τοῦπιорκοῦντος λάθρα

προσπτόμενος ἐκκόψει τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν θενῶν.

Πο. νῆ τὸν Ποσειδῶ ταῦτά γέ τοι καλῶς λέγεις.

Ηρ. κάμοι δοκεῖ.

Πι. τί δαὶ σὺ φῆς;

Τρ. ναβαισατρεῦ.

Πι. ὄρῃς; ἐπαινεῖ χοῦτος. ἕτερόν νυν ἔτι

ἀκούσαθ' ὅσον ὑμᾶς ἀγαθὸν ποιήσομεν.

ἐὰν τις ἀνθρώπων ἱερείῳ τῷ θεῶν

εὐξάμενος εἴτα διασοφίζεται λέγων,

'μενετοὶ θεοί,' καὶ μάποδιδῶ μισητῖα,

ἀναπράξομεν καὶ ταῦτα.

Πο. φέρ' ἴδω τῷ τρόπῳ;

Πι. ὅταν διαριθμῶν ἀργυρίδιον τύχη

ἄνθρωπος οὗτος, ἥ καθήται λούμενος,

καταπτόμενος ἱκτίνος ἀρπάσας λάθρα

προβάτοιιν δυοῖν τιμὴν ἀνοίσει τῷ θεῷ.

*Her.* I find the terms satisfactory, and I vote —

*Pos.* What, miscreant! You senseless belly-god,  
Will you throw away the kingdom of your father!—

*Pisth.* Really! Will you gods not be stronger than ever  
Up there, if the birds come into power below?  
As it is now, hiding under the clouds, men stoop  
And in your holy names forswear themselves.  
But, if you hold the birds in your alliance,  
When a man swears by Jove and by Jim Crow,  
The crow, flying up to the perjurer unawares,  
Will claw his eye out at a single clip!

*Pos.* Now, by Poseidon, there's some sense in that!

*Her.* So I say.

*Pisth.* [To TRIBALLUS.] And you?

*Trib.* Gobakkyolladree.

*Pisth.* He, too, approves, you see.—Now one thing more  
Which, to your great advantage, we shall do.  
Suppose some mortal makes vow of a victim  
Unto some god, then says, prevaricating,  
"The gods can wait," and fails, the greedy-gut,  
To pay,— *we* will collect your dues.

*Pos.* How so?

*Pisth.* Sometime, when, as it happens, this gentleman  
Is counting his money or seated in the bathtub,  
A kite, flying in unnoticed, will grab up  
The value of *two* victims for the god!

Ηρ. τὸ σκήπτρον ἀποδοῦναι πάλιν ψηφίζομαι  
τούτοις ἐγώ.

Πο. καὶ τὸν Τριβαλλόν νυν ἐροῦ.

Ηρ. ὁ Τριβαλλός, οἰμώζειν δοκεῖ σοι;

Τρ. σαννάκα

βακταρικρούσα.

Ηρ. φησί μ' εὖ λέγειν πάνν.

Πο. εἴ τοι δοκεῖ σφῶν ταῦτα, κάμοι συνδοκεῖ.  
οὔτος, δοκεῖ δρᾶν ταῦτα τοῦ σκήπτρου πέρι.

Πι. καὶ νῆ Δί' ἕτερόν γ' ἐστὶν οὐ μνήσθην ἐγώ.  
τὴν μὲν γὰρ Ἥραν παραδίδωμι τῷ Δί,  
τὴν δὲ Βασίλειαν τὴν κόρην γυναικ' ἐμοὶ  
ἐκδοτέον ἐστίν.

Πο. οὐ διαλλαγῶν ἐρῶς.  
ἀπίωμεν οἴκαδ' αὐθις.

Πι. ὀλίγον μοι μέλει.  
μάγειρε τὸ κατάρχυσμα χρὴ ποιεῖν γλυκύ.

Ηρ. ὦ δαιμόνι' ἀνθρώπων Πόσειδον ποῖ φέρει;  
ἡμεῖς περὶ γυναικὸς μιᾶς πολεμήσομεν;

Πο. τί δαὶ ποιῶμεν;

Ηρ. ὅ τι; διαλλαττώμεθα.

Πο. τί δ' ὀξύρ'; οὐκ οἶσθ' ἐξαπατῶμενος πάλαι;  
βλάπτεις δέ τοι σὺ σαυτόν. ἦν γὰρ ἀποθάνῃ  
ὁ Ζεὺς παραδοὺς τούτοισι τὴν τυραννίδα,  
πένης ἔσει σύ. σοῦ γὰρ ἅπαντα γίγνεται  
τὰ χρήμαθ', ὅσ' ἂν ὁ Ζεὺς ἀποθνήσκων καταλίπη.

*Her.* Once more I vote to give the sceptre back  
To the birds.

*Pos.* Ask the Triballian now.

*Her.* Look here,  
Triballus, would you like a licking?

*Trib.* Ligga  
Stikkajakky.

*Her.* He says I speak to the point.

*Pos.* If you two are agreed, I acquiesce.—

[To PISTHETAERUS.] My man, we do concede the sovereignty.

*Pisth.* Ah, sure—there's another thing I had in mind.  
Hera, the queen—I leave her in Zeus' keeping,  
But the Princess Basily must be given to me  
In marriage.

*Pos.* You don't desire a truce. Let us  
Go home again.

*Pisth.* That concerns me little.—Hey, cook  
Make sure and have a prime flavor to that sauce!

*Her.* Poseidon, my dear fellow, what does this mean?  
Shall we have war about one woman?

*Pos.* What, then,  
Are we to do?

*Her.* What do? Make peace!

*Pos.* Poor devil,  
Don't you see you're getting cheated all this time?  
You're ruining yourself. In case Zeus dies  
After handing over the sceptre to the birds,  
You will be a pauper! You are the heir, of course,  
To all the property Zeus leaves at his death.

Πι. οἷμοι τάλας οἶόν σε περισοφίζεται.  
δεῦρ' ὥς ἔμ' ἀποχώρησον, ἵνα τί σοι φράσω.  
διαβάλλεται σ' θεῖος ὦ πόνηρε σύ.  
τῶν γὰρ πατρῶων οὐδ' ἀκαρῇ μέτεστί σοι  
κατὰ τοὺς νόμους· νόθος γὰρ εἰ κοῦ γνήσιος.

Ηρ. ἐγὼ νόθος; τί λέγεις;

Πι. σὺ μέντοι νῆ Δία  
ὦν γε ξένης γυναικός. ἥ πῶς ἂν ποτε  
ἐπὶ κληρον εἶναι τὴν Ἀθηναίαν δοκεῖς,  
οὖσαν θυγατέρ', ὄντων ἀδελφῶν γνησίων;

Ηρ. τί δ' ἦν ὁ πατὴρ ἐμοὶ διδῶ τὰ χρήματα  
νοθεῖ' ἀποθνήσκων;

Πι. ὁ νόμος αὐτὸν οὐκ ἔα.  
οὗτος ὁ Ποσειδῶν πρῶτος, ὃς ἐπαίρει σε νῦν,  
ἀνθέξεται σου τῶν πατρῶων χρημάτων  
φάσκων ἀδελφὸς αὐτὸς εἶναι γνήσιος.  
ἐρῶ δὲ δὴ καὶ τὸν Σόλωνός σοι νόμον·

‘ νόθος δὲ μὴ εἶναι ἀγχιστεῖαν παίδων ὄντων  
γνησίων. εἰάν δὲ παῖδες μὴ ᾧσι γνήσιοι, τοῖς  
ἐγγυτάτῳ γένους μετεῖναι τῶν χρημάτων.’

Ηρ. ἐμοὶ δ' ἄρ' οὐδὲν τῶν πατρῶων χρημάτων  
μέτεστιν;

Πι. οὐ μέντοι μὰ Δία. λέξον δέ μοι,  
ἤδη σ' ὁ πατὴρ εἰσήγαγ' ἐς τοὺς φράτερας;

Ηρ. οὐ δῆτ' ἐμέ γε. καὶ δῆτ' ἐθαύμαζον πάλαι.

Πι. τί δῆτ' ἄνω κέχνηας αἵκειαν βλέπων;

*Pisth.* [To HERACLES.] Merciful Heaven, how he is coming it over you!—

Step aside to me here, until I tell you something.

Your uncle is putting a trick on you, you lout!

Of your father's property not a blessed cent

Is yours by law; you're illegitimate.

*Her.* I illegitimate! What?

*Pisth.* Yes, by great Zeus!

You had a foreign mother. Athena is heiress,

As everybody knows; and how could that be,

If she, being daughter, had legitimate brothers?

*Her.* But what if my father bequeath to me his estate

As bastard-legacy?

*Pisth.* The law forbids him!

The very first counter-claim of all would come

From Poseidon here, who is hounding you on now,

Averring that he's the testator's lawful brother.

I will quote you the law of Solon on this point.

"Sec. 1903. Moreover it is herein provided that to a son illegitimate there shall belong no right of inheritance if there be sons legitimate; if there be no sons legitimate the nearest of kith and kin shall share the estate."

*Her.* Then does there fall to me no share at all  
Of the patrimony?

*Pisth.* None at all! Look here,  
Did your father have you registered and christen'd?

*Her.* Hell, no! I always wondered what he meant by it!

*Pisth.* Then what are you glaring at, you bag-punching bully?

ἀλλ' ἦν μεθ' ἡμῶν ᾗς, καταστήσας σ' ἐγὼ  
τύραννον ὀρνίθων παρέξω σοι γάλα.

Ηρ. δίκαι' ἔμοιγε καὶ παλαι δοκεῖς λέγειν  
περὶ τῆς κόρης, κᾶγωγε παραδίδωμί σοι.

Πι. τί δαὶ σὺ φῆς;

Πο. τᾶναντία ψηφίζομαι.

Πι. ἐν τῷ Τριβαλλῷ πᾶν τὸ πρᾶγμα. τί σὺ λέγεις;

Τρ. καλάνι κόραυνα καὶ μεγάλα βασιλιναῦ  
ὄρνιτο παραδίδωμι.

Ηρ. παραδοῦναι λέγει.

Πο. μὰ τὸν Δί' οὐχ οὗτός γε παραδοῦναι λέγει,  
εἰ μὴ βαβάζει γ' ὥσπερ αἱ χελιδόνες.

Πι. οὐκοῦν παραδοῦναι ταῖς χελιδόσιν λέγει.

Πο. σφῶ νῦν διαλλάττεσθε καὶ ξυμβαίνετε·  
ἐγὼ δ', ἐπειδὴ σφῶν δοκεῖ, σιγήσομαι.

Ηρ. ἡμῖν ἂ λέγεις σὺ πάντα συγχωρεῖν δοκεῖ.  
ἀλλ' ἴθι μεθ' ἡμῶν αὐτὸς ἐς τὸν οὐρανόν,  
ἵνα τὴν Βασίλειαν καὶ τὰ πάντ' ἐκεῖ λάβῃς.

Πι. ἐς καιρὸν ἄρα κατεκόπησαν οὔτοι  
ἐς τοὺς γάμους.

Ηρ. βούλεσθε δῆτ' ἐγὼ τέως  
ὀπτῶ τὰ κρέα ταυτὶ μένων; ὑμεῖς δ' ἴτε.

Πο. ὀπτᾶς τὰ κρέα; πολλήν γε τευθείαν λέγεις.  
οὐκ εἰ μεθ' ἡμῶν;

Ηρ. εὖ γε μέντ' ἀν διετεῖται.

Πι. ἀλλὰ γαμικὴν χλανίδα δότω τις δευρό μοι.

But — side with us, I'll get you an appointment  
As policeman, and give you pigeon's milk in plenty.

*Her.* [*Aloud.*] For my part, your demand again seems fair,  
About the princess, and I'm ready to grant it.

*Pisth.* [*To POSEIDON.*] Well, what do you say?

*Pos.* I give my vote against it.

*Pisth.* All turns upon Triballus. What say you, now?

*Trib.* Boofadamsambiggabasalinny

Andovabiddibus.

*Pisth.* He says, Hand her over.

*Pos.* Not he! he doesn't say, Hand over, unless  
It's the language of the Twitterers that he's talking.

*Pisth.* He means, then, Hand her over to the twitterers.

*Pos.* [*To HERACLES and TRIBALLUS.*] You two may make your treaty  
and your truce;

And I, since 'tis your pleasure, will keep silent.

*Her.* [*To PISTHETAEUS.*] To all your propositions we are agreed.  
But go with us now, in person, up to Heaven,  
To take your winnings and your bride Basily.

*Pisth.* 'T was a timely guillotining of these birds,  
For the marriage feast.

*Her.* Suppose I stay behind  
And see to the broiling, while you go ahead?

*Pos.* To the broiling? It's the bolting, glutton, you'd see to!  
Come along with us.

*Her.* And a precious plight to come to!

*Pisth.* Ho, there! let some one bring me a wedding-garment!



ΧΟΡΟΣ.

(ἀντιστροφή)

ἔστι δ' ἐν Φαναῖσι πρὸς τῇ  
Κλεψύδρᾳ πανοὔργον ἐγ-  
γλωττογαστῶρων γένος,  
οἳ θερίζουσιν τε καὶ σπεί-  
ρουσι καὶ τρυγῶσι ταῖς γλώτ-  
ταισι συκάζουσί τε·  
βάρβαροι δ' εἰσὶν γένος,  
Γοργαῖι τε καὶ Φίλιπποι.  
κάπὸ τῶν ἐγγλωττογαστό-  
ρων ἐκείνων τῶν Φιλίππων  
πανταχοῦ τῆς Ἀττικῆς ἢ  
γλώττα χωρὶς τέμνεται.

CHORUS.

*(antistrophe)*

In the Blackmail region, not far  
From the Fount of Windy Lungs,  
Flourishes a pettifogging  
Beastly tribe of Bellytongues.

While their clapperjack is clucking  
They are raking in the dough,  
Philip-pups and Gorgi-asses,  
Offspring of Barbarigo.

At all Attie sacrifices,  
Where the bones are strewn about,  
You can pick up belly-blabbers  
Lying with their tongues cut out.

Η.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

Ἄγ. ὦ πάντ' ἀγαθὰ πράττοντες, ὦ μείζω λόγου,  
ὦ τρισμακάριον πτηνὸν ὀρνίθων γένος,  
δέχεσθε τὸν τύραννον ὀλβίοις δόμοις.  
προσέρχεται γὰρ οἶος οὔτε παμφαῆς  
ἀστήρ ἰδεῖν ἔλαμψε χρυσαυγεί δόμῳ,  
οὔθ' ἡλίου τηλαυγὲς ἀκτίνων σέλας  
τοιούτον ἐξέλαμψεν, οἶον ἔρχεται  
ἔχων γυναικὸς κάλλος οὐ φατὸν λέγειν,  
πάλλων κεραυνόν, πτεροφόρον Διὸς βέλος·  
ὁσμὴ δ' ἀωνόμαστος ἐς βάθος κύκλου  
χωρεῖ, καλὸν θέαμα· θυμιαμάτων δ'  
αὔραι διαψαίρουσι πλεκτάνην καπνοῦ.  
ὁδὶ δὲ καὶ τὸς ἐστίν. ἀλλὰ χρὴ θεῶς  
Μούσης ἀνοίγειν ἱερὸν εὐφημον στόμα.

SCENE VII.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* O ye all-fortunate, more than tongue can tell!  
O feather'd tribes, thrice-blessed, welcome now  
Your lord and master to his happy home.  
How doth he come, more radiant than the beam  
Of some effulgent star in house of gold!  
Not the ray'd brilliance of the far-flashing sun  
Hath shone like him, who draws nigh with his bride  
Of beauty ineffable, whilst in his hand he wields  
Zeus' weapon, the wing-tufted thunderbolt.  
Unspeakable fragrance into the welkin's depth  
Rises, a wondrous sight; and incense-coils  
Float idly on the weird smoke-flapping breezes.—  
But lo, behold himself! 'Tis time to ope  
The Muse's holy all-propitious mouth.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἄναγε δέχε πάραγε πάρεχε.  
περιπέτεσθε  
τὸν μάκαρα μάκαρι σὺν τύχῃ.  
ὦ φεῦ φεῦ τῆς ὥρας, τοῦ κάλλους.

ΚΟΡΤΦΑΙΟΣ.

ὦ μακαριστὸν σὺ γάμον τῇδε πόλει γήμας  
μεγάλαι μεγάλαι κατέχουσι τύχαι  
γένος ὀρνίθων διὰ τόνδε τὸν ἄνδρα.  
ἀλλ' ὕμναίους  
καὶ νυμφιδίουςι δέχεσθ' ᾧδαίς  
αὐτὸν καὶ τὴν Βασίλειαν.

*Enter PISTHETAERUS, BASILY, and train.*

CHORUS.

Fall in, fall out; fly right-about;  
Waft wide the airy portal:  
With whirring wings and feathery flings  
Surround the happy mortal!

O! O! O! what a beauteous bride  
Is that disporting by his side!

LEADER OF CHORUS.

All-hail, O thou who blest  
This city of a nest  
With a divine alliance!—  
Immense, immense the luck  
The feather'd tribes have struck,  
Soaring by *his* science!

Greet now with hymeneal shout,  
Chorals of the wedding-rout,  
Him and his Basily.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

(στροφή)

Ἦρα ποτ' Ὀλυμπίε  
τῶν ἡλιβάτων θρόνων  
ἄρχοντα θεοῖς μέγαν  
Μοῖραι ξυνεκοίμισαν  
ἐν τοιῷδ' ὕμεναίψ.  
ὕμῃν ὦ ὕμῃναι' ὦ.

(ἀντιστροφή)

ὁ δ' ἀμφιθαλὴς Ἔρως  
χρυσόπτερος ἡνίας  
ἠϋθινη παλιντόνους,  
Ζηνὸς πάροχος γάμων  
τῆς τ' εὐδαίμονος Ἦρας.  
ὕμῃν ὦ ὕμῃναι' ὦ.

CHORUS.

*(strophe)*

Once upon a time the Fates  
Queenly Hera thus did bring  
To the most august of mates,  
The high-thron'd Olympian king;  
Sounding *their* praise even so,  
Hymen Hymenaeus O!

*(antistrophe)*

Gold-wing'd Eros was best man,  
Tight the cherub drew the reins,  
Guiding an immortal span  
Over the celestial plains;  
Happy Hera long ago!  
Hymen Hymenaeus O!



ΠΙΣΘΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ.

ἐχάρην ὕμνοις, ἐχάρην ψδαῖς·  
ἄγαμαι δὲ λόγων. ἄγε νῦν αὐτοῦ  
καὶ τὰς χθονίας κλήσατε βροντὰς  
τάς τε πυρώδεις Διὸς ἀστεροπὰς  
δεινὸν τ' ἀργήτα κεραυνόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ὦ μέγα χρύσειον ἀστεροπῆς φάος,  
ὦ Διὸς ἀμβροτον ἔγχος πυρφόρον.  
  
ὦ χθόνιαι βαρναχέες  
ὀμβροφόροι θ' ἅμα βρονταί,  
αἷς ὅδε νῦν χθόνα σείει,  
δία δὲ τὰ πάντα κρατήσας  
καὶ πάρεδρον Βασίλειαν ἔχει Διός.  
ὕμῃν ὦ ὕμῃναι ὦ.

PISTHETAERUS.

With your songs, with your hymns,  
I'm delighted, I'm sure:  
Many thanks for your words!—  
Sing, now, straight on and glorify  
Our red lightnings of the sky;  
Our dread thunder-peals, that break  
Till the black Earth seems to quake.

CHORUS.

How gorgeous the gleam of the gold-twisted flashes!  
How awful the flame of the fierce thunderbolt,  
With its cracks and its crashes,  
By Zeus brandish'd of old!  
O, ye rumbling thunders grand,  
Cloudbursts of the mountain-brow,  
This great conqueror puts his hand  
To your fulminations now;  
Basily ordains it so,  
Hymen Hymenaeus O!



χαίρετε ἄπτηνες.

I.

To a wonderful new sight  
We, the birds, hereby invite  
All you earthy creeping things,  
Everybody without wings.  
If you will behave, you may  
Come into our nest to-day;  
Sit round us in natty rows,  
Wearing your best Sunday clothes;  
Look as much like spick-and-span  
Jugs and flower-pots as you can.  
Welcome to the wingless.

II.

How is this, old Walk-on-legs,  
For a place to warm our eggs?  
Something more than sticks and straw—  
Finer than you ever saw!  
We drop down here from the air,  
You may crawl in anywhere.  
No, there is no need to rush,  
And be sure you do not push  
Into the wrong piece of pie  
Just because you cannot fly!  
Welcome to the wingless.

III.

O, you want to know, no doubt,  
How birds ever did make out  
To fence in the atmosphere  
And fling up this aery here!  
*That* can be learnt from no other  
Than our little fairy-mother;  
You are here now, not to ask  
Idle questions, but to bask—  
And be baked—a little while  
In the sunshine of our smile.  
Welcome to the wingless.

IV.

We think, when we bring our show  
To an end and let you go,  
After everyone has heard  
The jokes of the Dicky bird  
And has seen the winged man  
Waltzing with a pelican,  
You will be apt to remark,  
There was *never* such a lark  
As when Pop Chickwin was crowned  
In the merry-go-half-round!  
Welcome to the wingless.